



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

14485

30.78

14485.30.78

**Harvard College  
Library**



**Gratis**











1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

2. The second part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

3. The third part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

5. The fifth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

6. The sixth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

7. The seventh part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.





## LYCIDAS

!

.

▲

# Lycidas

BY

JOHN MILTON

LONDON

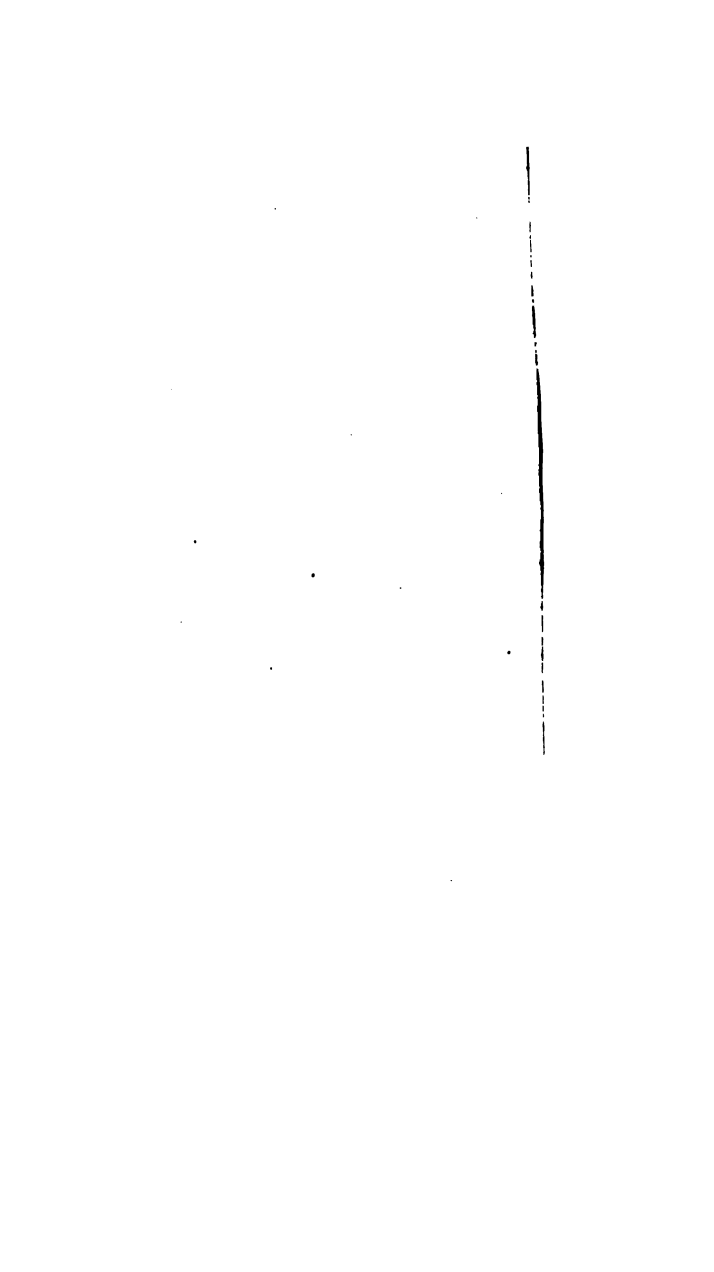
AT THE DE LA MORE PRESS  
298 REGENT STREET W

1903

Grai



In this Monody, the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637 ; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.



YET once more, O ye laurels,  
and once more  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never  
sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh  
and crude,  
And with forced fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the  
mellowing year.  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion  
dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season  
due :  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his  
prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left  
his peer :  
Who would not sing for Lycidas ?  
He knew

nself to sing, and build the  
    lofty rhyme.  
e must not float upon his watery  
    bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parch-  
    ing wind,  
Without the need of some melo-  
    dious tear.  
    Begin then, Sisters of the sacred  
    well,  
That from beneath the seat of  
    Jove doth spring,  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep  
    the string.  
Hence with denial vain, and coy  
    excuse,  
So may some gentle Muse  
With lucky words favour my  
    destined urn,

And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable  
shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-  
same hill,

Fed the same flock by fountain,  
shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high  
lawns appeared

Under the opening eyelids of the  
morn,

We drove a field, and both to-  
gether heard

What time the gray-fly winds her  
sultry horn,

Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh  
dews of night,

Oft till the star that rose, at even-  
ing, bright,

they were with  
shepherd.

Toward heav'n's descent had  
slop'd his west'ring wheel.  
Meanwhile the rural ditties were  
not mute,  
Temper'd on flute,  
Rough and Fauns  
with

From the glad sound would not  
be absent long,  
And old Damœtas loved to hear  
our song.

But Oh, the heavy change, now  
thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never  
must return !

Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods,  
and desert caves  
With wild thyme and the gadding  
vine o'ergrown,

And all their echoes mourn.  
The willows, and the hazel copses  
green,

Shall now no more be seen  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy  
soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the  
rose,

Or taint-worm to the weanling  
herds that graze,

Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay  
wardrobe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows ;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shep-  
herd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when  
the remorseless deep  
Closed o'er the head of your loved  
Lycidas ?

For whether were ye playing on  
steep,

Where your old Bards, the famous

Nor could the top of Mona  
h

Nor yet where Deva spreads her  
wizard stream :

Ay me ! I fondly dream !

Had ye been there, for what could  
that have done ?

What could the Muse herself that  
Orpheus bore,

The Muse herself for her enchant-  
ing son,

Whom universal nature did  
lament,

When by the rout that made the  
hideous roar,

His gory visage down the stream  
was sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the  
Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with in-  
cessant care

To tend the homely slighted  
shepherd's trade,

And strictly meditate the thank-  
less Muse?

Were it not better done, as others  
use,

To sport with Amaryllis in the  
shade,

Or with the tangles of Neæra's  
hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear  
spirit doth raise

*Muse*

(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;

But the fair guerdon when we  
hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden  
blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with th'  
abhorred shears,

And slits the thin-spun life.—But  
not the praise,

Phœbus replied, and touched my  
trembling ears ;

Fame is no plant that grows on  
mortal soil,

Nor in the glis'tring foil

Set off to th' world, nor in broad  
rumour lies ;

But lives and spreads aloft by those  
pure eyes,

And perfect witness of all-judging  
Jove ;

As he pronounces lastly on each  
deed,

Of so much fame in heav'n expect  
thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou  
honoured flood,

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned  
with vocal reeds,

That strain I heard was of a  
higher mood :

But now my oat proceeds,

And listens to the herald of the  
sea

That came in Neptune's plea ;

He asked the waves, and asked the  
felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doomed  
this gentle swain?  
And questioned every gust of  
rugged wings  
That blows from off each beaked  
promontory:  
They knew not of his story,  
And sage Hippotades their answer  
brings,  
That not a blast was from his  
dungeon strayed,  
The air was calm, and on the  
level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters  
played.  
It was that fatal and perfidious  
bark,

✓

Built in th' eclipse, and rigged  
with curses dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head  
of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire,  
went footing slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet  
sedge,

Inwrought with figures dim, and  
and on the edge

Like to that sanguine flow'r in-  
scribed with woe.

Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) *Camus*  
my dearest pledge?

Last came, and last did go,

The pilot of the Galilean lake;

Two massy keys he bore of metals  
twain,

ne golden opes, the iron shuts  
amain)

He shook his mitred locks, and  
stern bespake,

How well could I have spared for  
thee, young swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies'  
sake

Creep, and intrude, and climb  
into the fold?

Of other care they little reckoning  
make,

Than how to scramble at the  
shearer's feast,

And shove away the worthy  
bidden guest;

Blind mouths! that scarce them-  
selves know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learned  
aught else the least

That to the faithful herdman's  
art belongs !

What recks it them ? What need  
they ? They are sped ;

And when they list, their lean  
and flashy songs

Grate on their scannel pipes of  
wretched straw ;

The hungry sheep <sup>✓</sup> look up, and  
are not fed,

But swoln with wind, and the  
rank mist they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion  
spread ;

Besides what the grim wolf wtih  
privy paw

Daily devours apace, and nothing  
said ;

But that two-handed engine at the  
door

Stands ready to smite once, and  
smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice  
is past,

That shrunk thy streams ; return,  
Sicilian Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them  
hither cast

Their bells, and flow'rets of a  
thousand hues.

Ye valleys low, where the mild  
whispers use

Of shades, and wanton winds,  
and gushing brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart star  
sparely looks :

Throw hither all your quaint  
enamelled eyes,

That on the green turf suck the  
honied showers,

And purple all the ground with  
yernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that for-  
saken dies,

The tufted crow-toe, and pale  
jessamine,

The white pink, and the pansy  
freaked with jet,

The glowing violet,

The musk-rose, and the well-  
attired woodbine,

With cowslips wan that hang the  
pensive head,

1 yernal flowers.  
2 Find A words.

**And** every flower that sad embroidery wears :

**Bid** marantus all his beauty shed,

**And** their cups with

**To strow the laureate ~~hearse~~ where  
Lycid lies.**

For so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with  
false surmise.

Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores,  
and sounding seas

Wash far away, where'er thy  
bones are hurled,

Whether beyond the stormy  
Hebrides,

Where thou perhaps under the  
whelming tide

Visit'st the bottom of the mon-  
strous world ;

Or whether thou, to our moist  
vows denied,

Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus  
old,

Where the great vision of the  
guarded mount

Looks toward Namancos and Ba-  
yona's hold ;

Look homeward, Angel, now, and  
melt with ruth :

And, O ye dolphins, waft the  
hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful Shep-  
herds, weep no more,

For Lycidas your sorrow is not  
dead,

Sunk though he be beneath the  
watery floor ;

So sinks the day-star in the ocean  
bed,

And yet anon repairs his droop-  
ing head,

And tricks his beams, and with  
new spangled ore

Flames in the forehead of the  
morning sky ;

( So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted  
high,

Thro' the dear might of Him that  
walked the waves,

Where other groves, and other  
streams along,

With nectar pure his oozy locks  
he laves,

And hears the unexpressive nuptial  
song,

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy  
and love.

There entertain him all the saints  
above,

In solemn troops, and sweet  
societies,

That sing, and singing in their  
glory move,

And wipe the tears for ever from  
his eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep  
no more ;

Henceforth thou art the Genius  
of the shore,

In thy large recompense, and shalt  
be good

To all that wander in that per-  
ous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain  
to th' oaks and rills,

While the still morn went out  
with sandals gray,

He touched the tender stops of  
various quills,

With eager thought warbling his  
Doric lay ;

And now the sun had stretched  
out all the hills,

And now was dropt into the  
western bay ;

At last he rose, and twitched his  
mantle blue :

To-morrow to fresh woods, and  
pastures new.

1 Don't lay,

2.









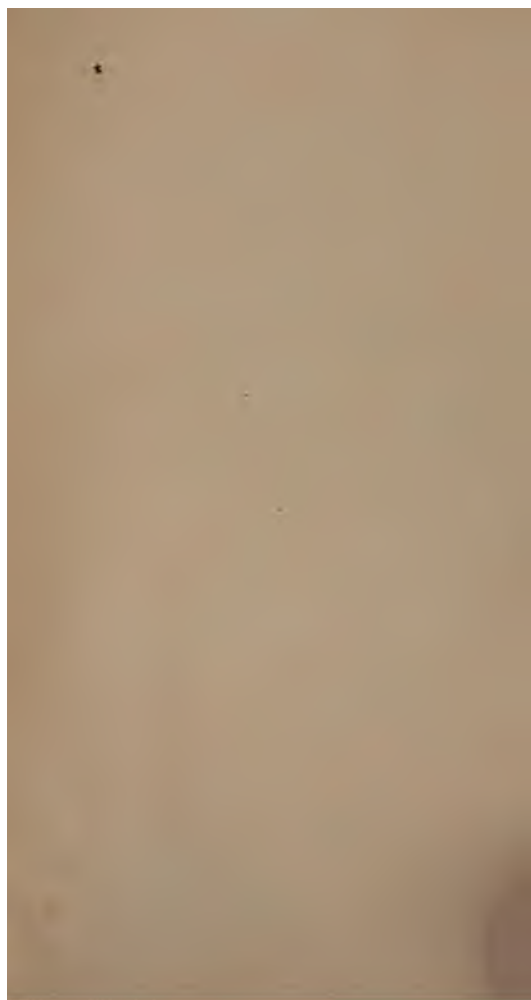
PB-0002975-SB

725-28T

5

82-000000-09  
782-287  
2











THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED  
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT  
RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE  
THE LAST DATE STAMPED  
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE  
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE  
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.



